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MY POEMS.

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# MY POEMS,

AN

INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING  
MISCELLANY

OF

TALES, TRANSLATIONS, REFLECTIONS, THOUGHTS,  
SIMILES, SENTIMENTS,

AND A VARIETY OF  
SERIOUS, COMIC, HUMOROUS, AND OTHER  
LUDICROUS PIECES, IN A STYLE  
NEW AND ORIGINAL.

---

For I will, for no man's pleasure  
Change a syllable or measure,  
Pedants shall not tie my strains  
To our antique Poet's veins,  
Being born as free as these,  
I will sing as I shall please.

*Withers apud Southey.*

---

## BY ME.

OUT OF MY APPRENTICESHIP.

---

I to the muses have been bound,  
These fourteen years by strong indentures. *Lyrical Ballads;*  
Come for ye know me, listen to my lay. *Madoc.*

---

WITH A

Prefatory Essay Entitled,  
THE COMPLETE ART OF VERSIFICATION,

OR

EVERY MAN HIS OWN

POET.

---

And those who cannot write and those who can  
Shall rhyme and scrawl and scribble to a man. *Pope.*

---

CALCUTTA:

1812.

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SKETCH OF AN ESSAY,  
ENTITLED  
THE COMPLETE ART OF VERSIFICATION;  
OR  
EVERY MAN HIS OWN  
*POET.*

---

CONSIDERING the vast utility of Poetry to Mankind, which like music, “softens Rocks and bends the rugged Oak,” and considering, the injury this valuable art has sustained, from the pretensions of Persons to its possession, who have no pretensions at all; I have been induced to plan and digest and digest a plan, by which every man may be a Poet, and yet Poetry shall lose none of its *present value*; as followeth.

Poetry, according to the practice of the most able modern Professors, contains but two things, *Rhythm*

and *Rhyme* :—*Rhythm*, for the benefit of my unlearned Readers, I shall call *Measure* ; and of *Measure*, therefore I proceed to treat.

Now Measure as an attribute is threefold, of capacity, of weight and of space ; we have nothing to do with *capacity* in the present instance, and as to *weight* the *lighter* that verses are the better ; we therefore come to space, and here occurs the first difficulty.

It has been usual for young Poets to find out the length of Verses by their *feet* ; rather a mistake by the bye, as it should have been, by their *fingers* ; but this is troublesome to the most dexterous *hands*, and besides every body's *fingers* are not limber enough, to *finger* this harpsicord of the muses ; what I propose therefore is this.

I have ascertained by my *Compasses*, the lengths of various decasyllabic, hendecasyllabic, dodecasyllabic, &c. &c. lines, according to the custom of the best Poets ; and of each of these I have made out the aver-

age *inches*, as per the adjoined scale; according to this scale let any body therefre draw two lines down his page, one to the left, the other to the right, at the proper distance; and he will be a perfect master, a very Taylor, in the art of measuring.

We now come to the Rhyme, the most important part of the whole; for let me ask, what Poet ever gave up *Rhyme* for *Sense*, or did not give up *Sense* for *Rhyme*? But this is to digress. We are to supply Rhimes for our Poet; let him take up any set of Verses he pleases, and copy the last word of each line as he finds them, putting them next the right hand delineated line, which I have before mentioned, and both difficulties are discussed. He may now prefix any wrrds he pleases, to his Rhyming particle; and he has written excellent Verses: specimens of the mode follow my scale.

Before I conclude, I may perhaps doubt, whether the *moderns* have not gone beyond me, by putting lines of all lengths together, higgledy piggedly like



a corps of recruits at the first muster, and scattreing Rhymes here and there at random, like the shots of a bad marksman, amongst a covey of Partridges: however I am one of the old school, I wish to have *something* at least amongst my Verses, I can give up *reason*, as well as *they*; but I must stickle for *Rhyme*. For those who may prefer being in fashion, I have a set of *dice*, particularly marked, which they may throw for each line, and so discover the number of inches, it will be proper to fill up.

P. P.

The graduated scale and specimens of Versification will appear in the regular Publication.

SELECT SPECIMENS

FROM

MY POEMS.

---

AN IDEA.

OBJECT divine of hearts and eyes,  
Prime manufacture of the skies,  
No earthly price can purchase thee,  
Except the verse—that's bid by me.

---

A SENTIMENT.

Trust not the world—its promises you'll find,  
Are nought but words & words are nought but wind.

---

A DOUBT.

That others may have lit the fire  
Of ardent love and hot desire,  
I may perhaps suppose,  
But I must needs conceive amaze  
How you can teach a fire to blaze,  
By shedding on it—snows.

## A THOUGHT.

She flies me and I'm all alone,  
 Amidst this bustling crowd ;  
 I seek the shade and there my moan  
 Makes silence seem aloud—  
 Thus can a solitude a city be,  
 And thus a crowd's a solitude to me.

---

---

 CHANSON.

This Anne so fair  
 Who claims my song,  
 Why comes she not, I must declare,  
 This lovely Anne is wrong.

My sighs and air  
 To grief belong,  
 Why comes she not, I must declare,  
 This lovely Anne is wrong.

How shall I bear,  
 My grief so strong:  
 She comes not, I'll e'en seek my fair;  
 Which is not very wrong.



PASSION.

Spring from your sockets now unuseful sight,  
 Leave eyes bedimmed—this\* devil of a head:  
 'Those charms have shed upon your orbits night,  
 On you—on life—I am not blind—I'm dead.

---

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

I gazed and gazed and fondly wildly cried,  
 Whence comes the eloquence of those bright eyes;  
 It is not Nature's—nature quick replied—  
 I gave the soul—and so your worship lies—

---

A FANTASY.

Lucinda frowning aimed an icy dart,  
 To freeze those flames, that set on fire my heart;  
 They meet, when lo! dissolved the ice appears,  
 And all the water gushes forth in tears.

---

THE POET TO LOVE DECEASED.

Light of my life, my latest spark  
 Now o'er thy grave stone flashes—  
 And how much heat I owed thee mark,  
 By gazing on my ashes.

---

\* This is not merely the idiomatical expression, but a delicate allusion, to the last invented whirligig play thing, for grown up young ladies.

THE

## COOKMAID.

## A REVERIE.

*See the ancient Mariner, Queen Orrila, the host of  
Kings, Alice Brand, &c. &c. for other instances  
of the Simple Sublime.*

## I.

IT is a worthy Cookmaid,  
Who sits by the fire alone,  
And all the ear, can possibly hear;  
Is her nose's mourning tone.

But fast as a church, though she seems to be,  
She does not sleep a wink,  
For she is frightened out of her life,  
She does not sleep a wink.

Thrice three times three at evening fall,  
Strange noises at the door;  
Have rung their call, through the lonely hall,  
Where foot is heard no more.

For from the dull and dusty town,  
Are the master and mistress gone,  
And there is none but the Cookmaid,  
Left in the house alone.

And every night, to her great fright,  
Though not afraid before,  
She hears the tap—come rap rap rap,  
Thrice at the street door.

---

II.

Fainter and fainter sound the wheels,  
And the hurly burly is over,  
And Margery, by the fire side,  
Is snoring away in clover.

And before her eyes, there seem to rise,  
Visions quite pleasing and pat,  
Gravies, and stews, and sops in the pan,  
And she floats in an ether of fat.

When from her dream, she woke with a scream,  
And up she jumped in a flurry,  
For a knocking so loud, there was at the door,  
That she ran to it in a hurry.

For is it a letter, or is it a friend,  
 Or is it her swain bewitching;  
 'The youth who vows, he will espouse,  
 'This goddess of the kitchen.

But nor friend, nor letter, nor swain, was there,  
 Nor ever seemed to have been:  
 And not a soul could Margery see,  
 Because, there was none to be seen.

---

### III.

Another night 'twas just the same,  
 Another night the knocking came,  
 But nothing still appeared,  
 And it seemed that the knocker knocked of itself,  
 And Margery was afeared.

And she fell away, and the folks did say.  
 Lo neighbours only look !  
 Though late so fat, as lean as a cat,  
 Is now poor mistress Cook.

---

### IV.

The swain who basked in Margery's eyes,  
 Was a cobbler stout and tall,  
 And at night 'twas his to pace the streets,  
 And the waning hours to call.

And much did he mourn his Margery,  
 That she should be so slim,  
 And gave sigh for sigh, and cry for cry,  
 When she told her griefs to him.  
 And full of chivalrous emprise,  
 In ambuscade he snugly lies,  
 With staff and lanthorn to explore,  
 The cause of all this rumpus at the door.

Alone, alone, all all alone,  
 All alone by himself, watched he,  
 So lone indeed, that he himself,  
 Did scarce seem there to be.

And he watched on, till it grew dark and late,  
 And the chimes had sounded half past eight,  
 And who shall say, the youth's dismay,  
 When the fearful sounds began,  
 But resolved to be bold,  
 He sprang from his hold,  
 And some vagabond boys,  
 Who had made all the noise,  
 As fast as they could from him ran.

FINIS.



WORKS  
TO BE IN THE PRESS,  
BY THE  
AUTHOR  
OF  
MY POEMS.

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*Audax omnia perpeti.*

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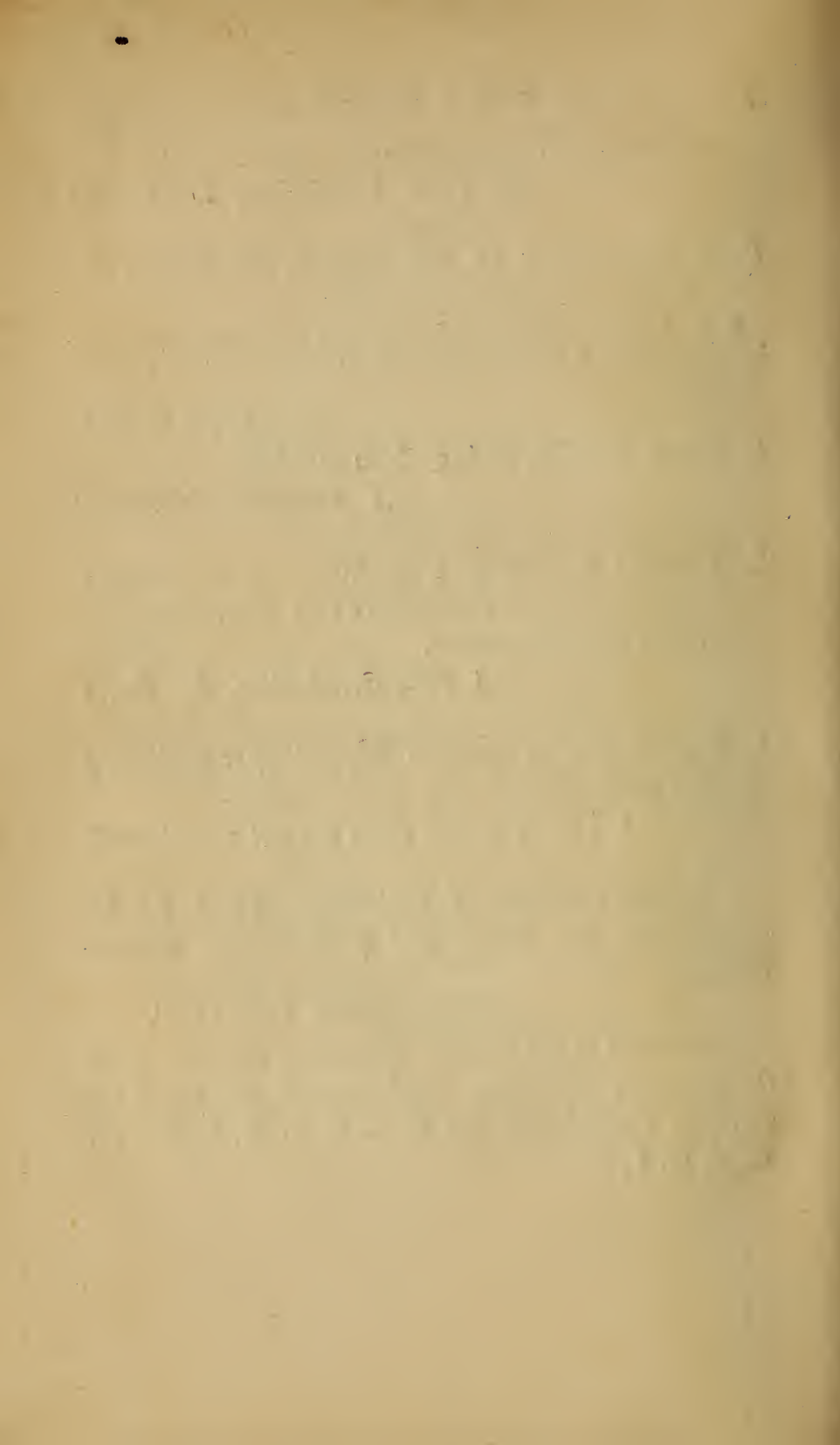
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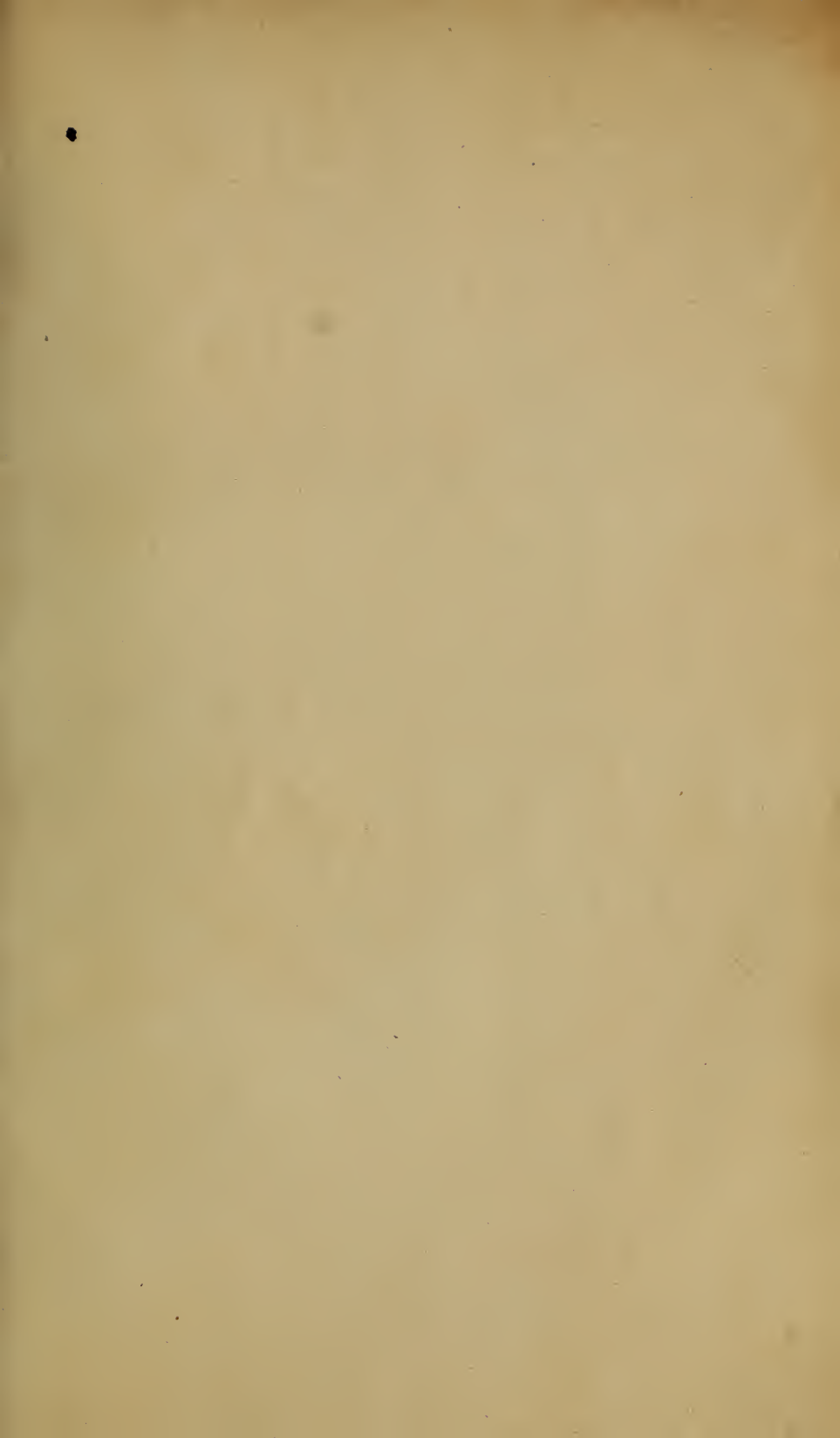
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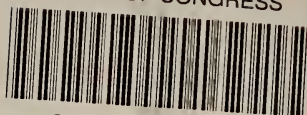
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